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MOMENTS
OF
FORGETFULNESS.



M O M E N T S
OF
FORGETFULNESS.

BY

THOMAS CLARE.

'Tis to create, and in creating live
A being more intense, that we endow
With form our fancy, gaining as we give
The life we image, ev'n as I do now.
Childe Harold's Pilgrimage.

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PREFACE.

In laying before my Friends and the Public the following attempts at poetic thought and feeling, in an age, in which, the study and love of Poetry has become almost universal, I own a fear and a diffidence that greatly tempted me to resist the flattering solicitations and kind wishes of those, whom I feel it is a duty to oblige, and whose applause it would be an honor to win.

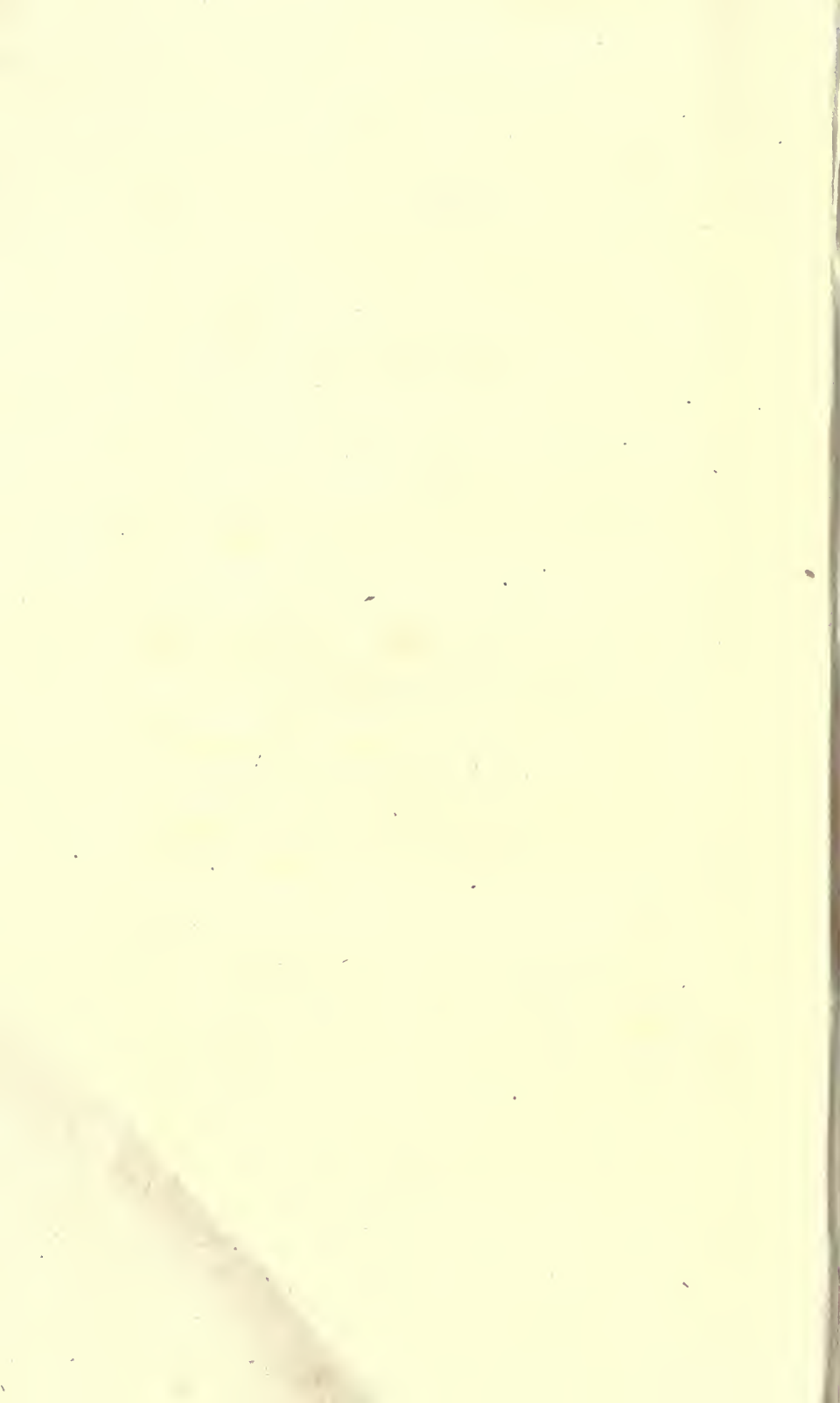
When, in the enjoyment of moments of relaxation from the more earnest pursuits of life, I have forgotten the noise and business of the world, and existed only in the contemplative regions of my own thoughts

and feelings, I endeavoured to express what I conceived and felt during those 'MOMENTS OF FORGETFULNESS;'—the result is the present production which I humbly offer to the reader.

Relying upon the kindness and generosity of my friends, for that indulgence, which Youth may surely claim for its first unassisted efforts to rise into the Galaxy of Literature, I submit them, at once, with mingled feelings of Hope, Respect and Gratitude.

St. Alban's, }
May, 1824. }

Moments of Forgetfulness,



DEDICATION.



TO * * *

1.

To Thee, who with the magic of thine eye,
Dost hold my spirit in a joyous thrall
Sweeter than liberty—for whom I sigh,
For whom I live—my life, my pride, my all
Of earth, that Love or Hope can sanctify—
(Whose lip, sweet arbiter! must seal their fate)
To Thee, these frail essays I dedicate!

2.

I will not sing that thou art young and fair,
And, flattering, woo thy beauty to my aid,
For there are charms more lasting and more rare
Than youth or loveliness, in thee, sweet maid!
Which sorrow cannot blight nor time impair—
Truth, and a sweet humility of soul,
That bends the proud heart to its meek control!

3.

Why do I love thee? 'Tis not for the rays
 Of beauty that encircle thee, though none
 Can reverence them as I do—for I gaze
 Entranc'd in their dear worship, 'til the sun
 Seems not t'irradiate heaven, or but to blaze
 More sweetly glorious in thine eye, whose beam
 Makes the day pale, and light, a shadow seem!

4.

'Tis for the beauty of that inward frame,
 That clasps the feeling but eludes the eye;
 'Tis for the pure effulgence of a flame
 That nought can smother and that will not die;
 That treachery, falsehood, deadly hate and blame
 Have, hissing, strove to quench,—but vainly strove
 Against th' unconquer'd sunbeams of thy love.!

5.

It is for this I dedicate to Thee,
 The first, faint warblings of my untried lyre;
 For thou art dearest, first on earth to me,
 Greatest and noblest too!—and dost inspire
 My soul with its best draughts of ecstacy,
 Its loftiest soarings point! (O grant me, Fame,
 One sprig of thine to garland her dear name!)

6.

Whom could I seek, more worthy of my lays,
(O would that they were worthier Thee) than Thou,
To grace their opening page? The April rays
That glance capricious from the titled brow,
Less lofty joy, less spirit-swelling praise
Could shed upon this lowly heart of mine,
Than one fond, pure, approving look of Thine !

7.

What is the sweetest boon that Heav'n bestows
To cheer frail Man in his terrestrial toil ?
What best can lull his sorrows to repose—
What is the balm of life—the wine and oil,
With which his visage shines, his bosom glows ?
'Tis Love—such love as prompts me now to bring
To thy heart's altar this peace-offering !



THE FLIGHT OF INNOCENCE.

'Twas long ago, when Life was young,
And o'er Creation's face and form
Beauty her veil of bloom had flung,
And Melody the lyra strung
For Love and Joy—ere Night and Storm,
Ere Guilt and Sorrow stain'd the face
Of Man and Nature—while the trace
Of heavenly purity and grace
From God's own hand was bright and warm.

When Earth was clad in flowers which grew
Spontaneous, and the young winds blew

Upon them beauty and perfume—
And fruitage, in those days of bloom,
Sprung without culture from the soil—
Unpurchased then with Care and Toil.

When Pleasure brimm'd the bowl and laugh'd
To see the young heart drink so deep;—
While Purity, the sweet o'the draught,
Sooth'd every wayward wish to sleep.
When Love, delighted with his chain
Of flowers, to Constancy was wed:
And Loveliness, that scorn'd to pain
By wanton mein or bearing vain,
The faithful breast it warmed and fed,
Bow'd down her beauties round the throne
Of Truth to one, to one alone,
For whose adoring eye they shone.

When Nature's every child was blest,
Stainless and free—ev'n that sad one,

The widow'd nightingale, whose breast
 Melodious, mourns her broken rest,
 Her mateless lot, her lonely nest—
 Warbled love-transport in the sun:
 When yet the lion with the kid
 Play'd like an elder brother,—Power,
 By happy ignorance still hid,
 Lay like a scorpion'neath a flower,
 And slept innocuous. The lamb
 Disported in the tigers den ;
 While, fearlessly, its tender dam
 Roam'd with the wolf, all harmless then.
 And, venomless, the serpent roll'd
 Its rain-bow circles in the ray ;
 Or, fondly, innocently bold,
 Would woman's lovely neck enfold,
 And stirless on her bosom lay.
 Alas! that the Eternal Foe
 Of Heaven and man, should e'er have ta'en
 Its beauteous form to work the wo
 Of woman's hapless seed, and stain
 The era of that golden reign!—

And O ! far worse ! th'immortal mind,
God's seal and image on mankind !

'Twas thus, in that delightful prime,
When Life and Innocence, allied,
Were frolicking with infant Time,
And smiled to view his front sublime
Mantling with an eternal pride.
The one was fondling with the child,
Wreathing his glowing brow with flowers,
While Life in fond observance smiled,
Or watch'd the golden-slipper'd hours.
When lo ! from forth a covert nigh,
She saw advance a haggard form,
With lowering brow and glistening eye,
Like lightning flash and thunderstorm.
Decrepit, aged, weak and wan,
But in demeanour bold and proud,
He bent his tottering steps right on,
Drew near to Life and cried aloud,
' Daughter of Heaven ! In whom I feel

'The'eternal breath incarnate glow,
 'Bend, bend thine ear while I reveal
 'The secret that shall break the seal
 'That binds thy spirit here below;
 'I Knowledge am.' At that dread name
 The smile of Innocence had flown;
 And through her pure, empyreal frame
 An ominous sense of Grief and Shame
 Grew, and congeal'd her heart to stone.
 The flowrets from her fingers dropp'd
 Scentless and wither'd;—Time, in dread,
 Ran, shrieking at the sound, nor stopp'd
 Once to look backward as he fled.
 In vain she whisper'd 'Life beware—
 'The arch impostor, list him not;
 'The honey'd guile, the flattering snare
 'Avoid and fly, or Sin and Care
 'Will be thine everlasting lot!'
 He is not what he seems to be,
 He'll promise bliss, but bring thee wo—
 His truer name is Misery,
 Thine, mine and Man's eternal foe!

But Life was curious now to know ;
 And Innocence but warn'd in vain :
 His eye had fir'd the fatal train
 Of latent thoughts that long had lain
 Hid in her breast, which 'gan to glow
 With madd'ning zeal and withering thirst—
 And Fate, the pythonesse of pain,
 By eyeless night and tempest nurst,
 Hung darkly ireful o'er her brain:

And O! that fatal wish to learn
 The death seal'd mysteries of Heav'n,
 Whose characters are only given,
 For eyes angelic to discern ;—
 That deep desire with which we burn
 For boons denied and joys forbid ;
 That restlessness which makes us yearn
 Madly to wrench the casket lid,
 Altho' a prison'd fiend be hid
 Within and sting us in return—
 That madd'ning fire had seiz'd her soul,

Her frenzied eyeballs scorch and roll;
And, with unearthly sense imbued
She sate, while Knowledge thus pursued,

‘ Celestial maid ! Whose bright blue eye
‘ Outshines, at once, both sun and sky !
‘ Kindling beneath whose brow I mark
 ‘ Ethereal Genius’ dawning glance—
‘ The’Aurora that first breaks the dark
 ‘ And chilly night of Ignorance !
‘ O list to me and I will aid
 ‘ With mighty art and lore divine,
‘ Its infant beams to burst the shade
 ‘ That hangs ’tween Wisdom’s face and thine !
‘ Mine is the key that can command
 ‘ Th’empyrean gates of Heav’n and Air ;
‘ The mysteries of Sea and Land,
 ‘ And all existing, breathing there.
‘ And Light and Darkness, Night and Day,
 ‘ The tempest, hurricane and calm,
‘ The moonbeam and the stars obey

‘ My scepter’d Art’s unveiling charm.
‘ And these, all these, bright Life, are thine ;
‘ Nay more—in me the pow’r too lies,
‘ To bid thy heav’n-born spirit shine
‘ Again in its own native skies !’

‘ Enough ’ she cried ‘ O bounteous sire !
‘ Now, now thy blessed boon bestow ;—
‘ Already feels my brain on fire,
‘ Consuming with the thirst to know !
‘ Ope Truth’s eternal channel wide,
‘ And bid its endless waters roll
‘ Their coolest, purist, fullest tide,
‘ Over my parch’d and withering soul.’

‘ I will ’ the wizard said, and brought
Forth from his vest a golden cup ;
Around with impious figures wrought,
Within, presumptuous Sin and Thought,
The mind’s worst bane, were boiling up.

With eager hand the maiden took
That cursed, chalice while with look
Mask'd in a love-beseeming guise,
(The light of some fall'n seraph's eyes)
The tempter spake—' Fast by the shrine
 ' Of Power (the name of Truth on high)
' A fountain springs, whose waves divine
 ' Moisten the lips of Deity;
' And thence they flow so pure, so fraught
 ' With sparkles of th'Eternal Mind,
' That every drop becomes a thought,
 ' To slake angelic thirst design'd.
' The cup thou holdst I fill'd for thee,
 ' By Heaven permitted, from that tide,
' That by *its* essence *thine* might be
 ' Immortalized and deified.'

'Tis done,—her doom is seal'd for ever—
 The death infusing draught is taken—
She swoons, she sinks entranc'd and never
 In purity again shall waken.

While Knowledge, in his dark control,
Resistless, held her spell-bound soul;
And bade ten thousand shapeless things,
Hideous, hell-born imaginings,
In damning flights crowd o'er her brain,
Throbbing with its first sense of pain.
And the heart also, from that hour,
Grew conscious of its withering pow'r;
And Passion rear'd its serpent crest,
And buried deeply in her breast
Its poison'd fangs: Grief, Guilt and Shame,
Like liquid lightning thro' her frame
Flow'd scathing: Death, Disease and Care,
And all the ills that hapless Man
Is born to and condemn'd to bear,
(Too oft unwilling) then began.

She wakes, she wakes! But O the sight
That burst on her unclosing eyes!
Thron'd in a car of amber light,
Drawn by two birds of Heav'n, whose white

And downy plumage shone more bright
Than frozen snow, when on it lies
The wintry morn's cold, glittering ray—
Sate Innocence, thus borne away
From the lost world into the skies.

And day-born heralds onward flew,
Dispelling with ambrosial wing
The mists of Earth, that o'er the blue,
Fair face of Heav'n were wandering.
Seraphs of light—so soft of hue,
So pure of frame, from stain so free,
That the enamour'd sunbeams through
Their glorious forms shone beauteously.
And some about the car were skimming
In frolic flight, like butterflies
Around a dew-gemm'd lily, hymning
The saddest music of the skies,—
For tears stood glist'ning in the eyes
Of Innocence, as down she cast
One pitying, parting look and last,

On her, whose madness and dismay
Can be conceiv'd by him alone,
Whose eyes have witness'd Death decay,
Or deadlier Treachery tear away
A treasure which he'd dream'd would stay
For ever and be all his own.

They've look'd their last—clouds thron'd the sky,
And the sham'd sun drops ignobly,
His beamless gaze and crownless head,
Upon the Sea's storm-curtain'd bed.
Rude boisterous winds roar raging round;
Heav'n weeps a desolating flood;
Brutes yell and madden at the sound,
And scour the plain in thirst for blood.
The lion slumbering in his den,
Rous'd by the thunderclap, replies
With what might seem an echo—then
Tearing the lifeless kid that lies
Beside him, terror-stricken, flies
On to the plain and roars again.

Th'artillery of the sky hurl down
Scathe and Destruction;—lightnings rend
The rock,—the mountain's snow-plum'd crown
Smokes, crumbling, as the bolts descend—
And Darkness palls the world. In vain
Life shriek'd and call'd for Knowledge—no—
He had betray'd her into pain,
But could not mitigate her wo:—
She was alone. . When, in despair
Turning her dying heart to pray'r,
The tempest howl'd itself away,
And night was kindled into day.

The morning broke. So breaks the light
Of Grace on the repentant heart—
And sweeter far such dawning bright,
Than erst, ere Grief's tempestuous night
Had scowl'd its shade or breath'd its blight,
Or Sin had hurl'd his lightning dart.
As sweet as the redeeming ray
That beams from Love's eternal throne

Upon the long-lost Sinner's way—
On Life that blessed day-break shone.
And down a sunlit slope descending,
Three virgin seraph forms appear,
Their graceful steps towards her bending
And such compassion, sweetness blending
In their bright looks as they drew near,
That Admiration thrill'd the frame
Of Life, who as she gazed forgot
Lost Innocence, remembering not
Her own despair, her grief or shame.

Hope led the way—a radiant fair,
For ever smiling ;—sweetest flow'rs,
Some glist'ning yet from late-fall'n show'rs,
Twined fondly round her golden hair :
And look'd ev'n fresher, brighter there,
Than blooming on their native sod—
A vestment, wove of air and light,
About her form was loosely thrown,
And round her visage, heav'nly bright,

A glorious seven-ray'd halo shone—
The covenant 'twixt man and God.

And on her right pac'd calmly on,
With look that seem'd to pierce the sky,
Virtue, th'Eternal's darling one—
The first on earth, the lov'd on high.
Her left-hand, star-eyed Science, grac'd,
Whose wild and ether-loving sight
Throughout the soft, cerulean waste,
Far, far as Shade's dark frontier chas'd
The rosy-pinion'd troops of light,
Her breath was music—as she sung,
The sick air round each syren strain
Like youth's first doting passion hung,
Whose ecstasy is kin to pain.
And the calm light in Virtue's eye,
As o'er her soul those strains would throng,
Glow'd 'til she smiled as joyously,
As Hope, so heavenly was the song.
And She, the Queen of Promise, came

Foremost to raise the prostrate maid,
And quenching with a kiss the flame
That crimson'd o'er her forehead, said

' Arise, fair child of Earth, arise !
 ' Rise and rejoice ! To thee we bring
' From the bright mercy-court that lies
' Beyond the blue pale of the skies
 ' Where Light ne'er furls his radiant wing,
' Tidings of Peace and Joy from Him
' Whom the love-lighted seraphim
' And wise-lipp'd cherub worship ever—
 ' Impregnate with the living ray
' Of the sole Eye that closes never,
 ' To this sad star we've bent our way,
' To smooth the traces of his wrath,
' And shed his love-beams on thy path !

' 'Tis mine to smile thee on and on
 ' O'er every danger, every care ;

'To cheer thee when thy joys are gone,
'And Grief hath made thee faint and wan—
 'Tis mine to save thee from Despair!
'Forth from my footsteps flow'rs shall spring,
 'The earth in beauty shall rejoice ;
'The birds shall soar on brighter wing,
'And thro' their viewless regions sing
 'With ecstasy-awakening voice.
'Darkness and storm shall roll away
 'In volum'd blackness 'fore mine eye ;
'Where'er my glancing pinions play
'The spring of Rapture's promis'd day
 'Shall light up the rejoicing sky :—
'Then droop no more.' She said and threw
 Her eyebeams like a sunny dawn
Upon the maiden's soul, and drew
From thence the mists of Grief which flew
Up from her eyes like Summer dew
 Before the rosy-sandal'd morn.

Then Science thus address'd the maid—
 First glancing o'er the far-lit skies,

Till half their brilliance seem'd to fade
 Into the lustre of her eyes.

'To me the'Eternal hath assign'd,
 'To shed on thy doom-darken'd mind
 'The starlight of pure joy and teach
 'Its infant strength to rise and climb
 'The mount of Truth until it reach
 'Its heaven-irradiate brow sublime;
 'Bursting the cloudy zone of Time.
 'That mid-way girts that holy hill.—
 'To raise thine earth-prone eyes and fill
 'Their chasten'd orbs with glory, till
 'Thy spirit, hallow'd by their light,
 'Far wandering thro' the starry space,
 'May frequent gain prophetic sight
 'Of that elysian dwelling place
 'Of souls divinely fair and good,
 'That in the blest perfection dwell
 'Of Beauty and of Rectitude,
 'In ecstasy unspeakable.'

Then Virtue breath'd her sweet words through
The organ of a seraph's voice,
Sweet to the soul as honey-dew
To the young flowers of Paradise.

' Fair, fallen child, the'Almighty Will
' To me, His favor'd one, hath given,
' To lead thee through this vale of Ill
' On to Eternity and Heaven.—
' With strength celestial to endure
' Thy bosom, that the Serpent Sin
' Shall not be able to creep through
' And hatch its venomous brood within.
' And Grief, like vernal showers, that fall,
' Pregnant with beauty, on the earth,
' Shall from thy heart and spirit call
' Young buds of Goodness into birth.
' With lustre (from my presence shed)
' Arm'd so divinely shalt thou seem,
' That Evil's eye shall close in dread,
' And sheathe its demon, dagger-beam.

' Then Maiden rest thy soul on me,
 ' Nor fear Affliction's iron rod,
 ' Nor Passion's sting, for smooth shall be
 ' Thy path to Immortality,
 ' To Bliss, to Glory and to GOD.'

Life heard, rejoicing, and proclaim'd
 With tears her joy (then first the token
 Of speechless rapture, yet unnam'd
 By language and by lip unspoken.)
 And Hope, with rosy glances dried,
 Fast as it fell, that precious rain ;
 While Virtue calm'd and purified
 The throbbings of her heart and brain,—
 And pure from Passion's sorrowing stain
 Preserv'd her soul ;—While Science sung
 With sky-tun'd lips her sweetest strain,
 And loose her star-bound tresses flung ;
 Glorious as when the dawning light
 Unbraids the sable hair of night.

Then Life, with fresh-born strength endued,
Onward her pilgrim path pursued ;
On either side protected, led,
Cherished, upheld and comforted ;
While Hope before her gaily flew,
And from her radiant pinions threw
A rapture breathing light between
Life's vision and each distant scene,
Till every thing around her shone
In gladness, which she gazed upon.

So wends she still her earthly way,
Eager to reach the promis'd clime,
That basks in the immortal ray
Of God's imperial eye sublime—
Its blissful, never-failing day ;—
Nor doubts she, ere the stream of Time
With Grief embitter'd, and with Crime
Distain'd, shall weep itself away
Into the dark and tideless sea
Of unexplor'd Eternity,

Ev'n here, on this dark orb below,
Her frame so chastely fair shall grow,
So free from Passion, and her sight
So purely, spiritually bright,
That Earth shall shine in Heaven's light ;
And quitting its pale orbit, rise
So high in the empyreal skies,
Till the next glorious world of bliss
Seem but a moment's flight from this.

TWILIGHT MUSINGS.

I.

The sun had set behind the hill,
The winds were hush'd, the waters still,
And Nature's self was sleeping;
And thro' a neighb'ring alley green
Of pines, the virgin moon was seen,
With blushing forehead peeping.

II.

But faint and feeble was her sway
For yet the late departed day,
A paly light was shedding;
The rook had scarcely sunk to rest,
And o'er the bosom of the west
A glowing tint was spreading.

III.

But soon Night's all-involving veil
 More closely press'd hill, wood and dale,
 The village and the meadow;
 And brightly shone the ev'ning star,
 And distant hills and fields afar
 Were lost in misty shadow.

IV.

And here and there the silver smoke,
 From cottage chimneys slowly broke
 Thro' foilage hanging over;
 The village spire, too, just above
 The vicar's circumjacent grove,
 The eye could just discover.

V.

But soon each trembling beam was driv'n
 From fore the dusky dome of Heav'n,
 Whence Cynthia's train emerging
 In icy beauty, coldly bright,
 By myriads twinkled into light,
 To hail the queenly virgin:

VI.

But, kept by pious fear afar,
None dare approach her silver car,
 That sailed with fairy lightness ;
And, as among their ranks she pass'd,
Their glow-worm radiance melted fast
 Into her beauty's brightness.

VII.

I gazed around me and above,
I felt my soul subdued to love—
 A love that saints might cherish ;
I felt the magic of the hour
Steal o'er me with enchanting pow'r,
 And pray'd it ne'er might perish.

VIII.

The depth of my delight to scan
I tried, and found that not for man
 Such bliss was oft intended ;
For each terrestrial image brought
A fairer, sweeter sister-thought,
 That seem'd from Heav'n descended.

IX.

All selfish views my soul exil'd,
And Meditation pure and wild,
 In heav'nly fetters bound me ;
All worldly thoughts, my fellow men,
Nay earth itself was nothing then—
 Except the landscape round me.

X.

And O! if Contemplation sweet,
The spirit from its mortal seat,
 Without a pang could sever,
Then mine, upborne on wings of bliss,
For other worlds had quitted this,
 Unconsciously for ever.

VENUS.

I.

Oh! say not Love's celestial Queen
Is but a Fancy-fabled fair;—
Whoe'er hath truly lov'd, hath seen
In her he lov'd, her image there.

II.

She lives not in the rigid grace
That only owns stern Art's control ;
But in each turn of form and face
That's fashion'd to the lover's soul.

TO A FLY

THAT BURNT ITS WINGS IN THE CANDLE.

I.

Poor, foolish Fly! Thou flew'st too near
The treacherous light, 'tis plain,
And now thou'rt fall'n, I greatly fear
Thou'lt never rise again.

II.

Ah! (could this hapless thought console!)
'Tis not thy doom alone;
For many a man, of god-like soul,
Hath made thy fate his own!

III.

Ambition's torch, by Grandeur rear'd,
Entices him to rise,
Till dazzled, blinded, spirit-sear'd,
He falls to earth and dies.

IV.

And daily, if around we look,
The same sad proofs we see
In every page of Nature's book,
From ICARUS to Thee!

TO ELIZA.

I.

Adieu, adieu ! The blissful dream
That o'er my slumbering Fancy stole,
Hath fled before the unwelcome beam
That bursts on my benighted soul.

II.

The morn hath dawn'd, but 'tis to me
A morn of sorrow and of tears,
For thick and gloomy clouds I see
Fast gath'ring o'er the verge of years,

III.

Ah ! couldst thou change ! But no ;—the rose
Where once the pois'nous blight hath lain,
Though Phoebus smiles and Zephyr blows
Can never bloom so fair, again.

IV.

For when we stray'd by Avon's stream
No rose was half so sweet and fair,—
But I forget—I did but dream—
Though not of Falsehood's canker there.

V.

On Thee did each fond hope repose !
My very soul on Thee was set !
But thou art changed and thoughts like those,
I must not cherish, can't forget.

VI.

I never deem'd, I could not guess
How much my heart was' neath thy sway,
But by its pangs and dreariness,
I feel how much thou'st torn away.

VII.

Thou wast my love's first, fairest flower,
Whose root was planted in my breast
So deeply, that no earthly power
Save thine could change its place of rest :—

VIII.

And thou hast chang'd it ! Well—no more—
Ill can my heart remembrance bear,
Which breathes thro' ev'ry bleeding pore
A poison deadlier than despair !

IX.

Farewell Eliza ! May'st thou be
Thy husband's pride, thy children's joy—
And ne'er may one sad thought of me,
The treasure of thy heart alloy !

TO MARY.

I.

The flow'rets of Summer are faded,
Its brightness, its sweetness are gone ;
The twilight, more heavily shaded,
Lies, darkling, the spirit upon.
His shell hath chill Æolus winded,
And shook the brown leaves from the tree ;
And fled is each charm that reminded
My spirit of rapture and Thee.

II.

Oh! why did the sun set so brightly
Behind the blue uplands afar ?
Oh! why did the moon lend us nightly
The blaze of her silvery car?
And why did the night shed its treasure,
Which made it more precious than day,
Since 'twas but to heighten a pleasure
That's vanish'd for ever away?

TO * * *

I.

I grateful touch the trembling string
To praise thy pure, millifluous song,
Whose numbers round my spirit cling
And lead my wond'ring soul along,

II:

O'er many a path 'twixt Earth and Sky,
Thro' realms which are the poet's own,
Seen only by the poet's eye
And felt and lov'd by him alone

III.

How blest to roam thro' Fancy's maze
Where thought is pure and free as light;
How blest to dream of future days,
Uncurtain'd by the gloom of night!

IV.

**How sweet to search the secret cell
Where human sense and passion rest ;
To mark the bosom's buoyant swell,
And feel and know that we are blest !**

V.

**To live on Earth and yet forget
The very ground on which we move—
With hatred, grief and pain beset,
Yet feeling nought but joy and Love !**

VI.

**There is no ecstasy in mirth
Like that which to the bard is giv'n ;
There is no happiness on Earth
Beyond anticipating Heav'n.**

TO THE STARRY FIRMAMENT.

I.

HEAVEN, mine eye doth love to sweep
O'er thy many-beacon'd ocean!
Purely, softly, darkly deep
As thyself is my devotion!
Though to sight's imperfect ray
Night with sable stain doth taint thee,
To the soul thou seem'st as gay
As the rosiest beams could paint thee

II.

And you Lamps of Living Light!
Countless are the thoughts ye kindle,
But, like you, they, hung in night,
Faintly gleam and quickly dwindle!
There's a strain doth fill the sky
As like heav'nly sirens sung ye,
Till the enraptured soul doth cry,
"Let me rise and dwell among ye!"

THE RELENTLESS FATHER.

A SKETCH.

An old man stood at his cottage door,
And gaz'd on the sea that foam'd before ;
And one lone tear in his eyelid stood,
While he sternly view'd the stormy flood,
But he dash'd it off in proud despair,
As soon as he felt it hovering there.

And a woman's form to his drew near,
But her weak limbs scarce could move for fear ;
And her eyes with tears were strain'd and dim,
They could not, dared not look upon him ;—
But she must, she must, altho' she brook
A thousand deaths in his loathing look,

Altho' each word be a snake whose fangs
Should wring her heart with a thousand pangs,
She yet must tempt the dangerous ire
Of her scorn'd, disgrac'd, forsaken sire.

She hid her face as she nearer drew,
And fell at his feet before he knew
That one was near, and the sudden sight
Chang'd the stern mood of his spirit quite :
He felt a faint joy at her return ;
He felt his bosom relax and burn ;
His heart was lighter, his brow more mild,
And he'd stoop'd half-way to raise his child,—
When the deadly thought of her guilt and shame
Like a lightning blast on his mem'ry came,
And he back recoil'd while his mein and eye
Silently said—" there rot and die."

" Father, forgive "—she, shrieking, cried—
But the old man, scowling with iron pride,
And choking with rage and grief replied,

“ Sooner shall yon dark mountains greet,
“ With abject crouching, my feeble feet—
“ And bend till they melt their crowns of snow
“ In the reckless oceans’ foaming flow—
“ Sooner shall ocean be chang’d to flame
“ Ere I forgive thee thy curse and shame !
“ Harlot, hence!—to thy paramour’s bed—
“ Lest a father’s ban light on thine head—
“ Begone; thy stain’d image blasts mine eyes—
“ The lightning gleams in the distant skies—
“ It fires my soul—and my heart and tongue—
“ O fly! the dire accents are loosely hung—
“ Begone, ere I curse thee !” The last words gave
The suppliant strength her sad fate to brave ;
But her sense was lost, her reason wrung—
With grief made wild from the ground she sprung,
And gazed on the sky, and then on the sea,
And then on her sire, O how piteously !
Then laughing wildly, exclaim’d “ Farewell—
“ With monsters less cruel than men I’ll dwell,”
She flew to the frightful rock, that view’d,
Stern as her father, the frantic flood,

And boldly plung'd in the raging sea
That roar'd round her corse most awfully.

But who shall describe the deep remorse
The old man felt, when he saw her corse
Buoy'd by the billows, and heard her limbs crush'd
'Gainst the hard cliff as the wild waves rush'd
With pitiless fury—and saw her face
Dash'd 'gainst the rock which destroy'd all trace
Of a countenance, once so sweet and fair,
And left not a single feature there?—
'Twas nought but gore, and the life stream dyed
With its crimson current the yesty tide.

The old man's face was black with despair;
He dared not lift up his hands in pray'r;
How could he hope for forgiveness from Heaven
When his penitent child died unforgiven?

His weak limbs trembled, his heart beat fast,
He shook like a plant in the northern blast,
He mutter'd something about his child,
While his joints grew stiff and his eye grew wild—
And seem'd to mourn that he did not forgive her,—
Then sank 'mid the billows and perish'd for ever.

THE BROKEN HEART.

I.

O! tell me what can health impart
Unto the truly-broken heart;
Or where's the star so bright,
Can smile away our deep regret
When Love's or Friendship's sun hath set
In black, despairing night?

II.

Can Pleasure's cup where guilt and sin,
In canker'd ambush lie within,
To turn the'alluring stream
To poison worse than pain or woe,—
(When they but from Misfortune flow)
Can that its peace redeem?

III.

Or in Seclusion's sunless cell,
 Say will Contentment bear to dwell
 As unrepining yet,
 As when in buoyant health we rov'd
 Among the youthful scenes we lov'd,
 And never can forget?

IV.

No, nought but Death its wound can close,
 Or check its gloomy stream of woes,
 Or sooth its burning smart—
 For still a remnant of the chain
 That bound our dearest hopes (in vain)
 Will rankle in the part.

V.

And each sad thought, like fiends of ill,
 Will dog our joyless wanderings still,
 With interference rude,
 Whether we tread the festive hall,
 Or pore upon the waterfall
 In lonely solitude,

LAMENT.

I.

My gallant Carlos ! Woe the day,
That clos'd upon thy lifeless clay !
A nobler heart, a braver hand
Were never known on Spanish land,
And thou hast fall'n, thou gallant one,
For the hopeless love of a vestal nun.

II:

I knew thy grief and oft have seen
Thee, laid beneath a leafy screen,
Upon her grated window pore,
Till gazing made thine eyelids sore—
And dash thy tears off, many a one,
For the hopeless love of a vestal nun.

III.

And oft I've heard thy soul complain;
And boldly strive but strive in vain,
To conquer that which conquer'd thee,
And set thy love-worn spirit free,
That passion, that deep, deadly one—
The despairing love of a vestal nun.

IV.

Thou couldst not hope! Her soul was riv'n
From earth, from man, and link'd to Heav'n,
Religion was the path she trod,
(The only path to Peace and God)
Thou knew'st, yet chose to be undone,
For the hopeless love of a vestal nun?

V.

I saw thee droop, I saw thee die,
I heard thy latest word and sigh,
I mark'd thy spirit when it broke
Away from Nature's feeble yoke—
'Twas with these words, "My race is run
"I die for the love of a vestal nun!"

VI.

And knights have sigh'd and maidens shed
Soft tears upon thy lowly bed,
And village clowns forego the laugh
When they behold thine epitaph,
Which, simply sculptur'd, thus doth run,
" I died for the love of a vestal nun !"

TO PROVIDENCE.

Kind Providence ! permit the way
O'er which my hapless feet must stray,
To lead along some riv'let's side,
Where health floats laughing on the tide;
With flow'rets be the margin crown'd ;
A verdant mantle clothe the ground :
There let the oak his shelter spread,
With mighty arm and haughty head,
That I may lie and calmly dream,
Safe-shelter'd from the mid-day beam.
And let the mournful willow still
Weep o'er the listless wave, until
Its drooping leaflets gently greet
The rill that ripples at its feet.

But Oh! divinest boon! impart,
To bind thy blessings round my heart,
The joyous smile, the soothing word
Of one, whose breast shall own me lord!
Let not unhallow'd steps intrude
Upon my rural solitude ;
But if another's course should bend
With mine, may't be some dear-lov'd friend,
With whom in childhood's joyous day,
I've wiled the golden hours away.
And as we walk or as we rest,
Shall mem'ry be our constant guest,
And sing our boyish deeds again
In such a fond, delicious strain,
That we may almost wish to track
Our steps for many a twelvemonth back,
The path tho' thorny as before
To act those boyish deeds once more.

Thus some fond wish still binds us here,
Imprison'd in our native sphere;
And, till our life's remotest end,
Prevents our deeming Death a friend.

Yet come he will, nor will I stand,
The latch, long trembling in my hand,
But gladly try that friendly inn,
That kindly takes each trav'ler in,
To rest until the'eternal day
Shall wake him to pursue his way.

HYMN

TO THE SETTING SUN.

Brother of the huntress Queen !
King and Father of Delight !
Shrined in Glory's crimson sheen—
Burning on the waters bright,—
Take the thanks I poorly give,
For thy boon, so richly given,—
While thy last beams ling'ring live
Yet upon the verge of Heaven !

Trembling now thy parting ray
Faintly streaks the waveless sea,
Breeze and billow silent lay,
Hush'd in grief for loss of Thee !

Nought disturbs the breathless scene,
 Now thy last faint beam is flying—
 Holy as that sweet serene,
 Round the virtuous when they're dying.

Faretheewell blest God of Flame,
 Wondrous painter of the Globe!
 But for Thee, the'impervious dame
 Yet had worn her sable robe!
 Soon again the pall she'll wear—
 Soon her tears shall speak her sadness—
 Proving still that Death and Care
 Dog the heels of Life and Gladness.

Faretheewell! Oh! Faretheewell!
 Now entomb'd beneath the ocean,
 Mortals lips should chaunt thy knell,
 Beaming, burning with devotion!
 But *of* Thee to speak or sing,
 All *from* Thee their fire must borrow,
 Then will I my tribute bring
 When thou bids't the world 'good morrow!'

STANZAS TO LAURA.

I.

Oh! first forgive the tuneless string,
That trembles 'twixt delight and fear;
And next, the hand that thence would wring
A strain that thou might'st smile to hear!
Thy sylph-like form hath charm'd mine eye
To worship its enchanting sway;—
'Tis fancy breathes the suppliant sigh,
And fancy chaunts the votive lay!

II.

But deem not 'tis a heartless strain
Because 'tis fancy strikes the lyre;
It would not thus have burnt my brain
Had not the bosom lent its fire;—

The dreaded Saniel's deadly breath
 That bids the Pilgrim fall or die,
 But for the fervid sand beneath
 Would pass in harmless breezes by!

III.

O! lend thine ear, and Joy will lend
 A thousand tones to ev'ry string—
 O! smile, and Hope shall o'er me blend
 Each bright tint of her radiant wing—
 O! let thy lips' sweet music flow,
 And bid my soul-nurst passion live—
 No sweeter boon can lips bestow,
 Save one, which only thine can give.

IV.

By those bright eyes whose smile can bless,
 Whose frown could make me wretched too;
 By each dear, dark and waving tress,
 Which the bland Zephyrs love to woo:
 By all those conqu'ring charms that meet
 In Beauty's cause by Love's decree—
 Until this heart shall cease to beat,
 It cannot cease to worship Thee.

SONNETS

AND

SONGS.

SONNET

ON A LADY READING.

O! that I were a book, to be thus scann'd
By that delicious eye! Then would she find
A fair disclosed copy of my mind,
Writ but for her to read. O! would that hand,
That soft and delicate small hand of her,
Repose upon the page, although it prest
No heavier than the lightest gossamer,
I should be safer than the eagle's nest
That's built mid high-brow'd rocks that brave the sky,
On earth, yet touching Heav'n. And thus should I
Symbol my bliss if I might make the nest
Of all my hopes that Heav'n-beseeming breast;
Then should I learn how Saints in Eden live,
And Death would only have Eternity to give.

SONNET TO MUSIC.

Nurse of the sinking soul and bleeding heart,
Dear Music, come and strike thy dulcet string !
Some kindly consolation to impart
To my faint spirit, that with broken wing,
Bemoans the wither'd plumes, that, in their spring,
Laugh'd in the sunshine and with airy down
Woody the wild vernal breezes ! Sing, O sing
Some sweet harmonious condolence and drown
In thy enchanting LETHÉ of the soul
The burning thoughts that flit across my brain ;
And as the billowy numbers round me roll,
May my rapt spirit melt into the strain—
And never from thy Lyre unlink the tone
Until the Mighty Master adds it to his own !

MANHOOD.

'Twas morn—Hyperion thro' the pathless air
Urg'd his impetuous steeds—before mine eye
A mountain, from whose brow the arch'd blue sky
Seem'd springing. O how sweet, how passing fair
That summit look'd ! I wish'd that I were there,
I hasten'd onward with unwearied mind,
Reckless of that sweet vale I left behind—
(It look'd not then so sweet)—with toil and care
I gain'd the summit ; on its brow I stood
Flush'd with a haughty and triumphant pride—
But in a moment the proud feeling died,
As I look'd down on valley, stream and wood,
Where in my childhood I had play'd and slept
And wiled my boyish hours I laid me down and wept.

SONNET TO LAURA.

Moon of my soul ! Light of my grateful breast !
Sweet satellite of Love ! Thy priest, mine eye,
Whose life and light are worship, and which best
Can tell the deep, pure thoughts that in me lie,
Alone must say " Be blessed. " Vainly I
Essay in speech to thank thee for thy love ;
I cannot utter it, sigh follows sigh ;
My tongue's ungracious silence to reprove ;
Thus am I mournful in my joy's excess,
And grieve in rapture. O capricious state !
Sad frailty of terrestrial happiness,
That poisons its own cup ! Then must I wait
In hope 'twill be my future bliss t'unfold
The joyous thoughts that will not here be told.

SONNET TO PHŒBUS.

Unfold, O Phœbus! thine empyreal ray !
And string my Lyre with thy bright morning beams;
That from my visions and my noontide dreams
I may Death's hideous darkness scare away,
And live but in Creation's early day,
When life and love were young, and souls were free
From every stain of foul impurity !
So shall thy name in ev'ry lowly lay
Of mine be glorified, for 'twill declare
Thy triumph over Darkness, Sin and Care :
For clay-born thoughts e'er shun thy holy light,
As tombless sprites thine unsphered day-beams fly,
When first they pierce the startled ranks of night
And wave their purple streamers thro' the sky.

SONNET

O ! that my infant Lyre possess a string
Elect of purist Poësy divine !
Then should each glowing word and melting line
To man the strains of Consolation bring :—
Waking the harmony of Nature's lore,
And breathing Love and Happiness around—
Death's visage should grow placid at the sound,
And Care be charmed away for evermore !
And who, that looks around him in the spring,
When young-ey'd flow'rs the lap of Nature fill,
But feels that He who lords it as he will,
Is the sole sad and discontented thing ?
Oh ! yet might Man his long-lost Eden see,
Could he unlearn his soul to Peace and Purity !

SONGS.

OH! WHY IS THINE EYE

I.

O ! why is thine eye still o'erflowing with sorrow ?

O ! why is thy heart throbbing bitterly yet ?

The sun may rise sweetly and brightly to-morrow,

Although in the gloom of the tempest he set.

II.

Think not of the ills that have cross'd us so often,

But think of the joys that our bosoms have blest,

And aided by Hope the remembrance will soften

The shades of affliction that darken the breast.

III.

OldTime from his wings scatters sorrow and gladness,
To heighten the second is given the first—
None ever knew Pleasure who never knew sadness—
The sweets of the Fountain are known but by thirst.

IV.

Then come to my bosom, love, thank Heav'n, this is
A solace our hearts are not doom'd to forego—
And while with thy tears I commingle my kisses,
Thou'lt own there's a pleasure still link'd to a woe.

MERRILY O'ER NIGHT'S SABLE STEEP

I.

Merrily o'er night's sable steep
The full-orb'd moon is riding :
Merrily o'er the dark blue deep
Our gondola is gliding.
The trembling shades to wood and cave
Before Diana roll,—
And as her smiles illumine the wave,
Thy beauty lights my soul !

II.

Merrily now each moonlit wave's
In bright succession floating,
And as the gondola's side it laves,
It hangs a moment doating—

And thus the waves of rapture spring,
Lit by thy beauty's ray :
And thus around thy form I cling
And sigh my soul away.

COME FILL UP YOUR GLASSES

I.

Come fill up your glasses—a meeting
So full of convivial bliss,
Ere morn bids us think of retreating
Deserves a full bumper like this !
We've toasted our sisters and mothers
And Beauty's dear daughters of light,
So here's to the true band of brothers
That form our round table to night ;
Then fill—for this moment's a treasure
That seldom we mortals may share :
'Tis one of the bubbles of Pleasure,
That float on the surface of Care.

II.

When clouds by the northern breeze driven,
 Glide thick between ocean and sky,
 How few are the clear spots of Heav'n
 They leave for the mariner's eye ;
 But, if 'twixt the clouds as they're fleeting,
 A guiding star break on his sight,
 How blest and heart cheering the meeting—
 Like this—in the bosom of night.
 Then fill—for this moment's a treasure
 That seldom we mortals may share ;
 'Tis one of the bubbles of Pleasure,
 That float on the surface of Care.

III:

Now Phoebus his reign is renewing
 As Dian steals fast from his sight,
 And labour and day are pursuing
 The pale-waning pleasures of night:
 And now o'er the hill as she's darting
 She tells us 'tis time to refrain;—
 Then each fill a bumper at parting
 And drink—to our meeting again.

**So fill—for this moment's a treasure
That seldom we mortals may share ;
'Tis one of the bubbles of Pleasure
That float on the surface of Care.**

MARY THINK OF ME.

I.

Oh! think of me when daylight dies
Along the western heaven ;
And silver twilight veils the skies
Of summer till eleven.
And when the last faint ray is flying
O'er th'ethereal sea ;
And to thy sighs the breeze is sighing,—
Mary, think of me !

II.

And when the new-born moon again
Shall burst thro'cradling ether,
Say, wilt thou deem it bright as when
We praised its ray together ?

And when her beams the grove is kissing,
And hang o'er every tree,
Should aught within thy breast be missing—
Mary, think of me!

III.

Oh! think of me whene'er thy heart
A tender thought would cherish;
Whose joy thou wast, whose hope thou art—
Nor bid that dear hope perish!
For Oh! 'twill soothe my hours of sadness
When I'm far from thee,
To know, tho' lost to peace and gladness—
Mary thinks of me.

BREAK MY HEART AND END THE STRIFE**I.**

Break my heart and end the strife,
Which thy core is riving!
Hope is dead and widow'd life
Cares not for surviving!
Love hath broke my peace for aye,
Only Death can mend it—
Life is woe! Ah! well-a-day!
Break my heart and end it!

II.

Mary's eyes no smiles adorn,
Yet a something in them,
Spite of Coldness, Pride and Scorn
Made me wish to win them.

Icy looks alone they shed,—
But—(their cold chains giving)
Those bright eyes may weep me dead,
That but mock'd me living.

BEAUTY'S DREAM

I.

Born of Night
And Fancy bright,
In the dream of Beauty springing,
Beings gay
Disport and play,
Flow'rs and odours round her flinging.

II.

Now from shrouds
Of pearly clouds,
Dimpled Love his face discloses;
Now he springs,
On dew-drench'd wings,
Fragrant, from a bed of roses.

III.

Now her lips
He fondly sips;
Of his own the nectar leaving—
Now he rests
Upon her breasts,
Warmly glowing, wildly heaving:

IV.

Now he lies
Beneath her eyes;
In their precious sunshine basking;
Plotting there
Some joyous snare,
Or some sweeter transport asking.

V.

With his wiles
He wins her smiles—
Sov'reign Love! how vast thy pow'r!
Gentlest arts
Win maidens hearts—
Buds love best the softest show'r,

VI.

Now caress'd
Upon her breast,
Bounding like a downy billow,
Slumber takes—
But Ah! she wakes,
And finds her lover is her pillow.

I SWORE BY THY LIPS' RUBY SPLENDOUR

I.

I swore by thy lips' ruby splendour
I lov'd thee, Eliza,—my vow
I seal'd with a kiss, O so tender,
'Tis bliss but to think of it now.
But Flattery quickly unchain'd them,
Tho' link'd by a promise so fond;
Another hath rudely profan'd them,
And torn the sweet seal from the bond.

II.

I swore by thy bosom whose whiteness
Is lost amid shame's ruddy glow,
I swore by its winterly brightness,
And trac'd the fond vow on the snow,

But soon was each tender connection
Dissolv'd by inconstancy's ray,
And with the chaste snow of affection
My promise was melted away.

SERENADE.

I.

Awake, my Love! Night quits the plains,

Dawn o'er the hills is peeping,

While triumph in his grey eye reigns

To find such beauty sleeping!

Then to the lattice haste thee, sweet,

The braggart's envy scorning,

And let thy cheek alone defeat

The boasted blush of morning!—

Awake, my love, awake.

II.

And bid thine eyes outsmile the rays

Swift-darting o'er the mountain,

Or that still softer, silver blaze

That trembles thro' the fountain.

And Oh ! in pity let them light
My gloomy bosom, dearest,
For tho' 'tis day, 'twill still be night
To me till thou appearest!

Awake, my love, awake!

THE MORN ROSE BRIGHT,

I.

The morn rose bright, the young winds crept
Forth, by the earliest sunbeam led ;
They kiss'd the waters as they slept
And rais'd the billows from their bed.
Athwart the gently-waken'd tide
A coracle was seen to glide,
And in it sate a maiden fair,
With vermeil cheek and golden hair ;
And smiling like the new-born day,
She sang the rosy hours away.

II.

And Love beheld her snowy sail,
And, hovering near the gilded helm,
He breath'd a sweet and ardent tale,
And proffer'd half his boundless realm.
"O come," he cried, "my empire share
"And joy shall be thine only care."
But nought the maiden's heart could move,
Not e'en the look and lip of Love.
For, smiling like the new-born day,
She sweetly sang and sail'd away.

III.

Cupid in vain his arrows tried,
All blunted from her breast they came;—
"A different course I'll take" he cried,
"Her haught, indignant heart to tame."
The tempest gather'd in the sky
The winds howl'd loud, the waves rose high,
And ere the maid could gain the shore,
Away, sail, mast and rudder bore.
Affright soon chased her smiles away,
And chang'd to shrieks her lightsome lay.

IV.

Fear quickly sank her heart of pride—

The tempest roars, the breakers swell—

“Oh! help me, help me, Love” she cried

“I’m lost.”—and on her knees she fell;

“Oh! guide me safe to yonder shore

“And I’ll be thine for evermore.”

Love heard and ’lighting by her side,

He hush’d the storm and check’d the tide,—

And smiling like the new-born day,

Together sang and sail’d away.

LET ME KISS THAT TEAR AWAY,

I.

Let me kiss that tear away,
Ere it melt my heart, love!
Let not Rosa bid me stay—
Honor bids me part, love!
In my country's cause I go,
For the sake of Beauty;
Thus the lover's faith I shew
In the soldier's duty.

II.

Bravery is Beauty's shield—
Mine shall first be tried, love,
In the crimson battle-field,
Ere thou be my bride, love!

Forgetfulness.

91

From the vulture-beak of death,
I must pluck the turtle;
I must win the laurel wreath,
To deserve the myrtle!

FINIS.

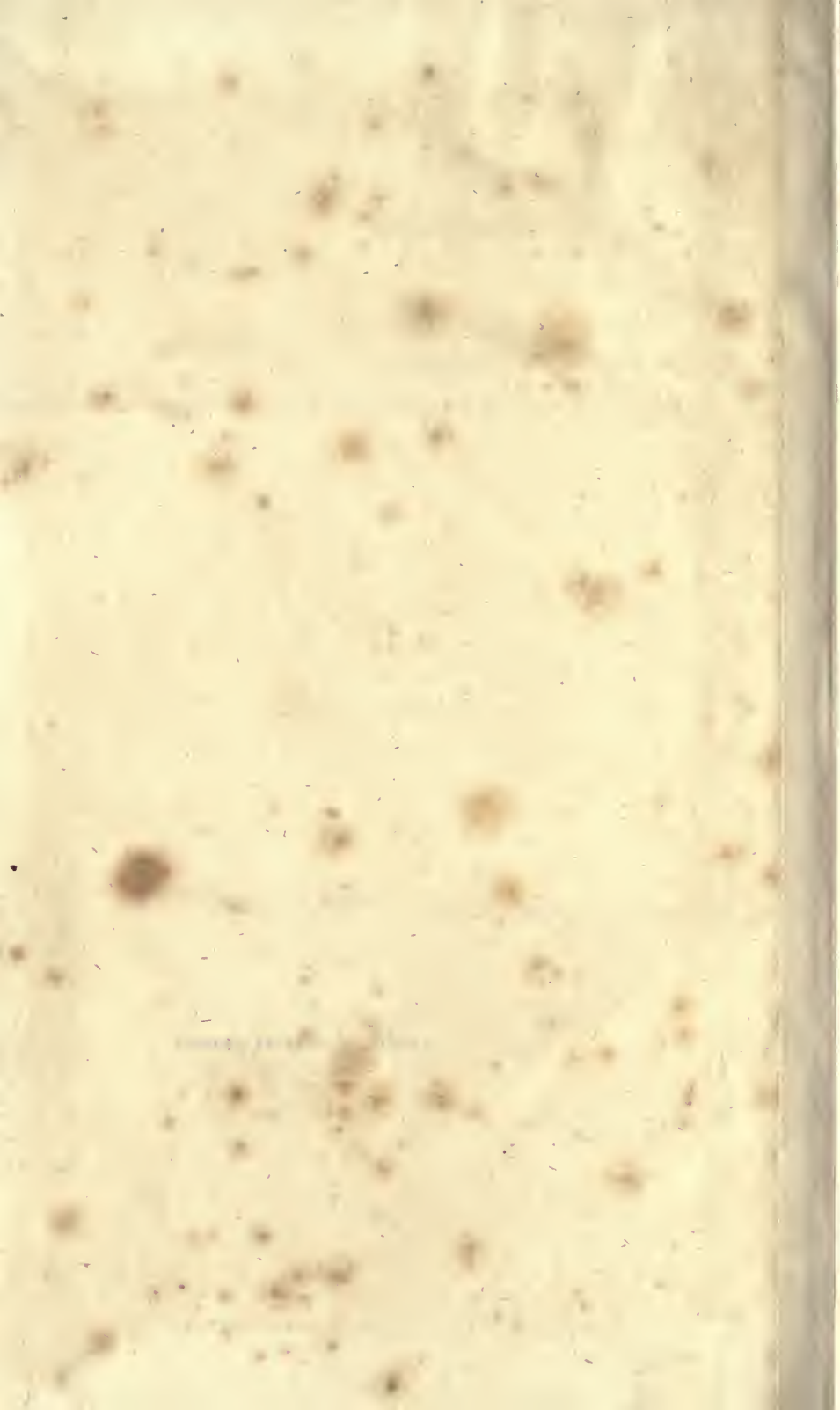
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ERRATA.

- P. 11, line 10, for tigers read tiger's
19, line 7, for ambrosial read ethereal
32, line 14, for fore read 'fore
42, line 2. for millifluous read mellifluous
71. line 12, for doating read doting

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Clare, Thomas
Moments of forgetfulness

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